NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 2 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

THE LATE MR. P. P. BLISS.

AUTHOR OF "HOLD THE FORT," &c.

Amongst those who met their death at the horrible railway accident at Ashtabula was Mr. P. P. Bliss, the author of several beautiful hymns, whose influence must be considered as lasting for ever. He originated the greater portion of the music in the Sankey collection, and was only second to Mr. Sankey as a popular singer of sacred song. He was engaged in the evangelistic work, and in company with Major Whittle had visited nearly all the prominent cities of the West and South in the course of evangelistic tours.

IN MEMORIAM.

The following account is a summary of the report in the Chicago *Tribune*, of January 1st, of the previous day's religious services, in which special reference was made to the death of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. At that time it was supposed that their two children also had perished, but late accounts show that such was not the case. The *Tribune*, in its account of the early morning services, says:—

A large congregation assembled at the Tabernacle at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. Mr. Moody had announced a sermon on "The Return of Our Lord," but from the drapery of mourning around the platform and the galleries, with its heavy lines and festoons of black and white, and the pure beautiful white crowns which stood upon the speaker's stand, it was evident that, instead of the coming of the Lord to us, the topic of the morning was to be the departure of loved ones to Him. The announcement in the papers that Mr. P. P. Bliss, with his entire family, had perished in the fearful wreck of the railway train at Ashtabula, Ohio, fell with such weight upon the ears and hearts of his thousands of friends in Chicago, that for hours it was impossible for them to realize it, or even to believe it to be true. But, if any of them came with lingering hopes to yesterday's morning meeting, one look at the great Tabernacle with its emblems of death overhanging the promises of eternal life which are inscribed on its walls, was sufficient to show that the only hope of ever seeing or hearing this sweet singer of our Israel again, was in joining him on the other shore. Four crowns all together, and all for one family! Not often does Heaven bestow so lavishly. One for Paul, one for "Pauline," one for the son who bore his father's name, and one for little George Goodwin, these crowns are woven of pure white camellias and lilies, but those crowns are made of "glory."

WHILE THE CONGREGATION WAS ASSEMBLING

the choir sang softly and lovingly several of the favorite hymns written by the man whose name Death had written on the tablets of history, and whose record God had written in the Book of Life. Presently Mr. Moody entered, and, as all eyes were turned to see how this man, twice broken under the weight of affliction since these meetings began, would bear himself, and as all ears were listening for his first word in his great sorrow, he stood up in his place and, with manifest trouble to keep back the sobs and tears, he repeated those words of David, "Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen in Israel?"

THE LATE MR. P. P. BLISS.

Then, almost unable to speak for weeping, he said, "Let us lift up our hearts to God in silent prayer." A long period of silence followed, broken at length by signs of overpowering emotion, in the midst of which the voice of Dr. Chamberlain was heard giving thanks to God for the hope of eternal life, on behalf of this entire household who had been borne on angels' wings from the place of terror and death up to the bosom of God.

The congregation then joined in singing "In the Christian's Home in Glory there Remains a Land of Rest;" after which Mr. Moody arose and said:

I was to take up the subject of our Lord's return, but I cannot control my feelings so as to speak as I had intended. I will take up that subject at another time. When I heard last night that Mr. Bliss and his whole family had perished, at first I could not believe it, but a despatch from a friend who was on the train took away all hope, and left me face to face with death. For the past three months I have seemed to stand between the living and the dead and now I am to stand in the place of the death. Mr. Whittle and Mr. Bliss were announced to hold the 4 o'clock meeting in the Tabernacle to-day, and now Mr. Farwell, and Mr. Jacobs, and Mr. Whittle, with other friends, have gone to see if they can find his remains to take them away for burial. I have been looking over his hymns to see if I could find one appropriate to the occasion, but I find that they are all like himself, full of hope and cheer. In all the years I have known and worked with him, I have never once seen him cast down. But here is a hymn of his that I thought we might sing. Once after the wreck of that steamer at Cleveland, I was speaking of the circumstances that the lower lights were out, and the next time we met he sang this hymn for me, it is the sixty-fifth in our collection, let us sing it now. It begins, "Brightly beams our Father's mercy;" but still more brightly beams the light along the shore to which he has passed. It was in the midst of a terrible storm he passed away, but the lights which he kindled are burning all along the shore. He has died young—only about 38 years old—but his hymns are sung round the world. Only a little while ago we received a copy of these hymns translated into the Chinese language.

In spite of the mourning, it is sweet to think that this whole family passed away together, father and mother, Paul, only four years old, and little George, only two years old, all gone home safe together. There comes a voice to us, saying, "Be still and know that I am God," but we know that "our Father doeth all things well."

The sixty-fifth hymn was then sung

Mr. Sankey read from a letter he had received from Mr. Bliss near his old home in Towanda, Pa., in which his happy faith in God and his love for his dear old mother were sweetly expressed.

THE REV. DR. GOODWIN,

of whose church, the First Congregational, Mr. Bliss had for many years been a loved and honored member, then came forward and said:—

Ever since these sad tidings came I have been trying to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." I don't know of any death that has come so near to me. For years I have been almost as a part of that household; one of the little ones bore my name; we have worked and prayed together, and I have known very much of his heart in connection with the great mission of his life, and shared in his ever-increasing delight that God was using him and his music so wonderfully. It was hours after the awful news came before I could see any light, but at last I seemed to see a vision of a great praise service in heaven with Brother Bliss leading it,—he was to have led a praise meeting at our Sunday-school this afternoon,—and then I found light in this darkness. Out of the fifty Sunday-school scholars who are now waiting to be received into the fellowship of our church, there is hardly one but can bear witness to his helpfulness in leading them to Christ. This morning it seems wonderful to me that this whole family should be taken up together, all at once, to enter the world of praise and take up the new song; a full household now, for one had gone before. Out of this affliction has come to them an exceeding and eternal weight of glory, and so I begin to feel it, as well as say it, all is well, all is well. It is not that the Lord does not care for us, but "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and "The day of his death is better than the day of his birth." Thirty-five times have I been called this year to comfort the mourning ones in my congregation, and the thought has come to me of a little praise-meeting in Heaven to-day of those who have come up from that First Congregational Church. This is not the time to speak as I would like to speak, but this I can say, that no man is so identified with the work of the Lord but that God can glorify him, and still carry on the work. This man's work has reached all round the world. The other day I received a letter from a missionary in South Africa. He said he was going out some time ago to establish a new mission, and when he took refuge in a Zulu hut the first sound he heard was the song, "Hold the Fort," sung in the Zulu language. Here is that thirteenth hymn which he sung for us the other night. He began by saying, "Brethren, I don't know as I shall ever sing here again (and he never did), but I want to sing this as the language of my heart." "Let us sing that hymn," said Mr. Moody, which was done.

The next speaker was

THE REV. DR. THOMPSON,

who had only last evening returned from a double funeral service among his relatives in another State, to which he had been summoned by telegraph, and where he had been singing the hymns of Brother Bliss at the bedside of the sick at the very hour of the awful calamity. He has learned, said the Doctor, the form of his mansion fair, and the song that the angels sing. A few days ago I received a letter from a friend who had been annoyed at the charge that Brother Bliss sang for gain, and desiring me to disprove it if I could; and, when I spoke to him about it, he said, with a smile. "I sing for Christ. I have not even a home to my name." His songs are sung round the world, and it seems to me they are sung in glory, too. By-and-by the work of the preacher will be done, but the singing will go on forever, singing the name of Jesus and the triumph of the redeemed.

MR. MOODY

resumed as follows My heart goes out for his mother. He was an only son, and his mother is a widow. Let us just put up a prayer for this mother. And there was dear Mrs. Bliss, who was not one inch behind her husband. She taught him how to pray, and

encouraged him with his music. I have often heard him say, "All I am I owe to that dear wife."

Now about that charge of his singing for money. The royalty on this little book has amounted to about $60,000, which has been devoted to charitable purposes. I once asked Mr. Bliss to take $5,000 for himself, telling him I thought he needed it; but he would not take one farthing. Chicago never had a truer man. He will be appreciated hundreds of years hence. Like Charles Wesley and Dr. Watts, he was raised up to sing in the Church of God. "God be praised for such a woman, God be praised for such a man!"

Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Dr. Williamson especially in behalf of the mother of the deceased.

The twenty-second hymn was then sung—one of Mr. Bliss' own songs, with the words written by his wife.

Mr. Moody then appointed two committees, the first to raise money and erect a monument to the memory of the dead, and the other committee to draft resolutions and communicate them to the friends of the deceased.

A collection was then taken up for the former purpose, the only one ever taken in the tabernacle.

Temperance Department.

FROM BARLEY TO WHISKEY.

The Rev. Dr. Chaover, who years ago made famous "Deacon Giles' Distillery," and was honored therefor by imprisonment, contributes to the New York *Observer* the following

THE PROGRESS OF SCOTCH ALE FROM BARLEY TO WHISKEY, AND THENCE?

John Barleycorn, my Joe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
With ferns and daisies tangled wild
Your bonny brow was brent.
Brent was it with the sun, John,
Ye grew by day and night,
And every drop of water, John,
Made rainbows to my sight.

A winsome field of barley, John,
When ye were in the flower;
We thought it was the gift of God,
Auld Scotia's primal dower.
A winsome field of barley, John—
Oh! how we loved the sight!
And barley bread, and parritch too,
Our childhood's dear delight.

But now ye're like a serpent, John,
And I'm the one that's bit,
The deadly sting ye first did strike,
It rankles in me yet.
They passed you through the kiln, John,
They scarred your bonny brow,
Till you came malted from the field,
The flames of hell to blow.

Ye led me to the ale-house, John,
To drown my life with drink,
And still a stronger draught ye brewed
To help me not to think.
Till in your train, John Barleycorn,
The rage for spirits came,
And I, beneath that dreadful thirst,
Lost every thought of shame.

The fire is at my soul, John,
The fire is in my heart
It courses through the nerves and veins,
And burns at every part—
A fever in the maddened brain,
A sheet of flame without
Loch Lomond's sweet and cooling wave
Could never put it out.

The furnace flames within me, John,
It kindles up despair
And water cannot quench, John,
The fire that's in the air.
A curse upon the moment when
This thirst began to grow
A curse upon your malted brow,
John Barleycorn my Joe!

Would the lords of Scotland, John,
In mercy interpose
To drive this demon from the land!
Sweet Caledonia's rose
Would shed its fragrant breath again,
Instead of malt distilled,
And hope come back to many a home
With rage and misery filled

DR. RICHARDSON ON PROHIBITION.

To see that the nation has a pure supply of water is not more important than to ensure that supplies of fatal drinks shall in some measure be reduced and in the end abolished. For more than a hundred and fifty years this question has been before the legislature, and still I fear the Lords of the Privy Council might write by Her Majesty's command to the Custodes Rotulorum of the several counties, precisely as the Lords of the Privy Council wrote by His Majesty's command on March 31st, 1743, "That the excessive drinking of spirituous liquors has not been prevented by former Acts of Parliament, but still continues the same," and it is there complained of as "a custom destructive of the health, morals, and industry of His Majesty's subjects, and to the peace of his kingdom." There are few now who do not admit the evil that has to be legislated for, and the necessity of immediate legislation, none, except those who are directly or indirectly profiting, or thinking that they profit, by the sale of strong drink. Every legislator who speaks deplores the evil, and would, he says, fain crush it. Every candid legislator knows that the nation is ready for the gradual abolition of the drink traffic. Yet only about one in seven dares to propose legislative action, and no Government dares to touch the question with a view to restrict the sale of the most useless article at its best, and the most fatal article at its worst, of all human beings buy and sell.

The future historian, watching the curious contest that is now in progress, and seeing its bearings with a distinctiveness we cannot realize, will have many speculations on the reason why such a contest was so long on hand, and why the greatest enemy of civilized man was allowed so long a reign. He will probably come to the conclusion that the chief reason was of a physiological character. He will say the generation did not see the evil because they were born to it, begotten in it, begotten upon it. The degeneracy of liking the enemy had to be bred out before a majority could exercise it by the action of their free-will. The time, I think, approaches when the generation is sufficiently changed to begin the process of exorcism. It can only begin practically by legal enactment. I know it will be said that such moral extension of temperance as will give direction and power to political movement might be expected to move everything in due order, and with due effect, without the introduction of any one addition to the statute book. I would be second to none in supporting moral over coercive human law, in cultivating virtue, if I may so say, by fashion rather than by penalties and punishment. But in this drink question, the law as it stands is hopelessly involved. The law which should protect the nation from the folly and crime of drink, actually legalizes, and it is not saying a word too much to add, patronizes and sustains the evil. It exacts dues out of the iniquity, and doubles the injury which the enemy himself inflicts. It allows every temptation to drink to stand forth in the public thoroughfares, to catch the ignorant and unwary. It trains the ignorant, by these means, into drunkenness; robs the man it trains of money for what are called State purposes; punishes him if in his trained, legally trained, madness, he commits some offence against society; and finally leaves him unprotected from his own acts when his madness is fully confirmed. Can any system be worse than this, or more urgently require reformation?

It is not necessary to ask the legislature to adopt any process for reducing the power and efficiency of rational free-will in order to ask it to do something to help those who are struggling to put down the great crime of our age, and who fail to triumph because the legislative machinery stands across the way. It is only necessary to pray the legislature to remove its own acts by which it has given license to a large class of men to traffic in alcohol to the injury of the national health, if they will but pay a license for the privilege of inflicting the injury. The State here surely can say, We will not take part in the wholesale disposal of an article that is to be retailed for the life service of none who buy it, but for the fatal service of the many who buy. In this case, in fact, the State has merely to withdraw its protection, to place the drug alcohol in the same position as other chemical bodies of the same class, to recognize that death produced by alcohol is the same as death produced by any other poisonous agent; and, to leave the use of this agent in the hands of those who are learned enough to know how to use it, if it be at any time a warranted necessity. Presuming the State has not power to act altogether in this concern, it should at least give fair play to those advanced communities which in their own spheres are anxious to legislate for themselves, which beg for no more than that they, by their free-will, may exclude an evil they abhor, and which hope, by the example they would set, to extend their movement until the supreme will of the people should emancipate the legislator from all peril and responsibility when the time comes for a prohibitory decree that shall transform the local into the imperial policy of the nation.—*Good Words.*

TEMPERANCE IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Miss Frances E. Willard contributes an excellent article on this subject to the *Advance*, from which we make the following extract.

"The grog-shop is a two-edged sword, and cuts both ways at once. It is a rotating machine for the snaring of souls. It catches our young men and boys before they reach the church and Sabbath-school—while they are on their way—and they never reach its doors, or else it catches them as they return, and mars or neutralizes the blessed lessons there imparted. Between the two there is the old "irrepressible conflict" over again. It is war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt, and only one can win. And in the warfare we of Christ's army are outnumbered. There are twelve saloons to every church, twelve bar-keepers to every minister. The church opens its blessed doors two or three days in the week. The saloon grinds on and on with its mill of destruction all the days of every week, all the months of every year. That we are outnumbered is not all. We are outgeneraled as well. The people of the rum-shop purpose in their hearts not only to mar and neutralize, but to obliterate and replace the lessons of church and Sunday-school. They have their series of lessons with which our International Series can not at all compete. They have studied carefully the tastes, tendencies, and preference of boys and of young men, their natural and innocent taste for variety, fondness for amusement, preference for young company, and they pander to all of these in ways that take hold upon death. Whether we educate or not, they appreciate the value of line upon line, and precept upon precept. The rum-shop has it literature of which I would not write. It has its music and its object lessons fitted to go with its literature. Said a gentleman, who had reformed: "In the rum-shop, conscience is a superstition; virtue a jest; the religion of Christ a cunningly devised fable: Christ an exploded myth. The name of God is heard alone in curses there, and immortality is but the feverish fancy of a madman's dream. There is not a commandment of the decalogue, there is not a precept of the Sermon on the Mount; there is not a rule of life that ever fell from the lips of Christ—the violation of which is not hailed with plaudits in the saloons."

So much for the education of the rum-shop. When may we best offset it, where and how? We may do this best in childhood, in the home, in the public and the Sabbath-schools.

LAGER-BEER AND CRIME.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M.D.

The temperance cause seems likely to be greatly injured by the German population of our country, who favor an use largely lager beer. It is claimed by them that this drink is harmless, and not intoxicating, and even wholesome. I have just spent a month in one of the criminal courts of this city, and, while prepared to believe much crime came from the use of liquor, I was a little surprised to hear the judge who presided—an old and venerable man, whose active life had all been spent in the criminal courts—declare that nine-tenths of all our crime came from the use of intoxicating liquors. During the long session of the court I was pained to see that most of the criminals were young, and that in a majority of instances they had been drunk more or less when committing their depredations on society. We had some five or six murderers on trial, and nearly all had been drinking before the murder what a German would call a moderate amount of lager-beer—say from one to two quarts—and sometimes with it ale. Perhaps the most painful murder case before the court was that of a boy seventeen years old, son of very respectable parents, who killed a comrade while entirely under the influence of lager-beer. The fight which occurred at the same time was between about a dozen boys from fifteen to twenty, and all had drunk lager-beer freely. Judging from my observation, lager-beer is quite as likely to generate murder and crime as stronger liquors: for while it blunts the senses and moral perceptions, it does not so thoroughly destroy that co-ordinating power which the cerebellum has over the muscles, causing them to act together, and loss of which is drunkenness, or inability of the brain to make the muscles act all alike; thus leaving the body largely normal, but the moral senses blunted. The one drunk on beer is really more dangerous than the one drunk on wine or whiskey. I should like to know the experience and observation of others on this point.

What is to be the cure of this stubbornness of a race to progress from the use of beer to water? The habit no doubt is inbred, and the belief that the waters of Germany are impure from the long saturation of the soil with the filth of ages, and the cure, come only with time.

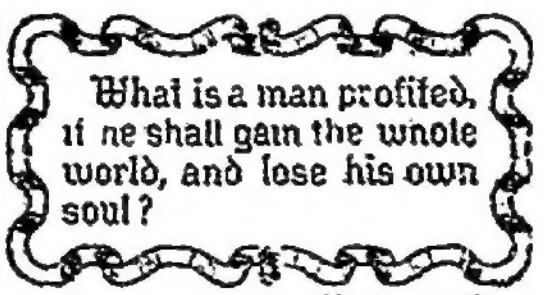
The cure lies in the slow but sure progress of the race. In Germany, even, there is a small but faithful class of hygienists who abjure beer, drinking many fruit juices. They are few in number, but determined, and will yet revolutionize Germany's beer-drinking habits.

So, too, the cure of intemperance lies mainly in human progress, and progress lies in giving thought to a subject. The temperance society is doing its best work in compelling attention to temperance. In time it will meet with its reward.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

"DON'T SIGN.—In most communities the applicant for a license for the sale of alcoholic liquors must have endorsers from among his neighbors who are freeholders, certifying to his "good moral character," and supporting his petition. The liquor-selling business is justly denounced as inimical to the welfare of the community. But the licensed liquor vendor is not alone responsible. His endorsers especially, whose signatures are indispensable to the procuring of his license, share, morally at least, his responsibility. It should be an objective point with friends of temperance everywhere, to make thoroughly odious the act of signing an application for liquor-selling licenses. To this end it would be good service to procure and publish in the newspapers, in handbills, circulars, and otherwise, the names of all licensed liquor-dealers, and with them the names of all the signers of their applications for licenses, and to keep them conspicuously before the public as bases for comment, exhortation, and admonition. This has been done substantially in sundry localities, and with a most wholesome restraining effect. A large measure of discretionary authority is vested also in license commissioners. They should be memorialized and urged to refuse altogether to grant license so far as they have any discretion. Every license granted in any community, as affirmed by a Massachusetts magistrate, "will be the means of carrying legalized misery into the homes of our citizens." For this misery the signers of petitions and boards of commissioners will be immediately and jointly responsible with the liquor-vendor.—*Temperance Advocate.*

—The London correspondent of the *South Wales Daily News* says.—"I should imagine from the methods which they are adopting in advertising their wares that wine merchants were having a poor time of it in London. They are sending round Christmas cases to strangers, who receive them without any knowledge of the source from which the luscious liquor comes. The carrier has no information to impart. The case contains no message to show that the wine is not a present from a friend doing a kindness by stealth. But sad is the state of that man who drinks the wine with a heart grateful towards his hidden benefactor. The hidden benefactor is, if I may be allowed the term, a snake in the grass, and in the course of a few days shows his fangs very clearly. He presents his bill and demands payment if you keep the wine. As a rule, this method succeeds. Householders would rather 'stump up' than have a bother; and the wine merchant gets his money by a threat. The cruelty of this proceeding is almost unparalleled. Merely to drink the wine is punishment great enough, but to have to pay for it after drinking it is adding insult to injury."

—An intelligent correspondent writes us from Zurich: "In this city of Lavater and Pestalozzi it is of the vine we hear during these warm October days. 'Fine weather for the grapes!' is the authorized salutation. The public schools are closed for the vintage vacation, that the children may do their part in gathering the rich clusters that are sweetening on a thousand sunny slopes. Broad tubs have taken unto themselves two wheels for the occasion, and high narrow ones two legs, as they are borne on the back of man or boy or sturdy girl. As we return from our sunset walk to see the snowy mountains and bright lake, we are saddened by the sight of fathers reeling to their homes and young men boisterous with the last cup of pure wine. 'Surely' we exclaim, 'the culture of the grape is not the cure for intemperance'"—*N. Y. Independent.*



MATT. 16: 26.

Agricultural Department.

MOLASSES FOR FATTENING STOCK.

We heard it years ago, but a paragraph in one of the agricultural papers just now brings to mind the claim that molasses is an excellent material for fattening farm stock. Very likely too much is claimed for its merits, but we have no doubt that, under certain circumstances, it pays well to feed it in small quantities. When a creature which has no organic disease, but from neglect, short keeping, or a very poor quality of food, has lost its appetite and become very thin in flesh a small quantity, fed to it daily may prove a great benefit. Molasses is also a useful article of diet when it is desirable to fatten the animals as soon as possible.

That any one should seriously propose to feed molasses to horses, cows sheep or hogs, at first thought may seem ridiculous. But that such a course is founded upon philosophical principles, has been thoroughly tested by actual trial, and proved to be correct. Some chemists have believed that "starchy" food is converted into sugar by the stomach, before it is used to nourish the body, and it is a well-known fact that pure sugar will very rapidly fatten animals to which it is fed. But for feeding to farm stock, molasses is to be preferred to sugar, because it is cheaper and in better shape to be fed without waste. Not only will benefit be derived directly from the fattening properties of the molasses, but it will also improve the appetite and cause the animals to which it is fed to eat more food than they otherwise would. It is easily digested, assimilated rapidly, and consequently shows its effects very soon. One writer on this subject has said that if molasses is fed to a poor horse, he will show a marked change of condition in a few days. It is said that too much sweet, of any kind, if fed to animals, will prevent their breeding readily. Cows which it is desired should raise calves, should not have more than a pint of molasses per day, but to those which are being fattened, three pints may be given with good results. Probably the best way to feed it is to cut hay or clean straw, throw on a little boiling water in order to make it soft by partial steaming, then wet and thoroughly mix with water in which the molasses has been diluted. Care should be taken to use no more water than the hay or straw will readily absorb. For hogs, the molasses may be mixed directly with their food, and it is said to produce wonderful results.

For this purpose there is no need of obtaining a nice and expensive article. A low grade, if clean and sweet, as some of the low grades are, will answer every purpose, and be much more profitable than a high-priced brand.—*N. E. Homestead.*

TESTIMONY ABOUT COOKED FEED.

A. H. Proctor writes to the *Ohio Farmer* that he has been taking some testimony as to the results of feeding grain in its natural and in its cooked state, and he says:—

"For the last year I have travelled very extensively among the farmers of Ohio and Indiana, and find that this matter has attracted their serious attention. If twenty acres of corn cooked for feed is worth thirty acres fed raw, then the subject is worthy of the best judgment. For the proof of the proposition, I not only submit the testimony as given to me of hundreds who have practiced cooking corn, oats, barley, buckwheat, potatoes, roots, all kinds of ground food, etc., but give a few proofs of the many who have, by actual tests, found that on all kinds of grain an average of one-third is saved, and on potatoes and all kinds of roots, fully three quarters. Messrs. Wilson & Bros., dairymen, of Muncie, Ind., cook ground feed for their cows, and say that since they commenced cooking the feed their cows have increased their milk fully one-third. Mr. M. M. Lehr, of Licking Co., Ohio, has practiced, for a long time, cooking corn in the ear for his milch cows, and testifies to the same thing. Mr. T. Middleton, of Union Co., Ohio, a breeder of fine hogs, testifies that two-thirds of the corn cooked, is very much better than the *whole fed raw* in the usual way; particularly for pigs and young hogs. Mr. T. J. Edge, of Indiana, made the following experiment. First, shelled and fed whole; second, ground and made into slop, with cold water; and third, ground and thoroughly cooked. After a fair test with a litter of five pigs feeding an equal length of time, giving each the same time and test, I found that five bushels of whole corn made 474 pounds of pork; five bushels less toll of corn, ground and made into thick slop with cold water, made 544 lbs. of pork; the same amount of meal well cooked and fed cold made 834 pounds. The second experiment was with new corn in two forms, viz: on the ear and shelled and ground before boiling. Ten bushels on the cob made 294 pounds of pork, fed in the usual way, on the ground. The same amount shelled, ground and cooked, made 64 pounds.

"From my own observations I find that farmers—in the localities where hog cholera prevail—who cook the feed, lose no hogs, and they assure me that if farmers would adopt it, and at the same time mix in salt, copperas and sulphur, hogs would be healthy."

KEEPING POTATOES.

M. Carriere, a French writer, publishes some interesting particulars regarding the preservation of potatoes during the winter and spring. The methods usually employed he characterizes as both good and bad; good, because the atmosphere of cellars or pits is usually damp enough to prevent the too-speedy evaporation of water from the tubers, and bad, because the cellars are almost invariably kept closed, so that occasionally the temperature rises considerably and induces the very evil most to be avoided, namely, the sprouting out of buds. In storing potatoes for seed or culinary purposes, the main object in view is to prevent their germination, so that it may not be necessary to pick out the budding eyes, a process which invariably induces a rapid deterioration in quality and strength. To prevent this the store-places should be wholesome, dry, and *freely ventilated*. In extremely cold weather the temperature must be raised by artificial means, but an excess of warmth is to be carefully guarded against; it is sufficient to keep the temperature just above freezing point, the arrival of which may be proved, in the absence of a thermometer, by the appearance of ice on a shallow pan of water purposely kept in the store-place. These measures suffice in the case of potatoes intended for planting out, but where they are required for domestic consumption the further precaution must be taken of shielding them from the action of light. If this be not done, the tubers are apt to turn green, a change which is nothing to their detriment for seeding purposes, but which is attended by chemical alterations that give them a bitter taste, and quite spoils them for domestic use. By attention to these points, M. Carriere has succeeded in keeping old potatoes in good palatable condition up to the middle of June, or sometimes, as in the present year, to the middle of July, by which date the new potatoes are no longer scarce, dear, and tasteful, as is the case at the time the old stock usually goes out.—*N. Y. Observer.*

WHEAT GROWING.

At a meeting of the Central New York Farmers' Club, held at Utica, Dec. 1st, Mr. John Osborn, of Paris Hill, told the club how he had learned to secure absolute certainty in growing wheat,—that is absolute certainty against complete failure. His method is to plow good clover sod as soon after haying as possible—(between the first and fifteenth of August) subsoil-plowing, to a depth of six or eight inches; pulverize the soil as thoroughly as possible until the last week in August, and apply manure evenly, working it completely into the soil. He stated that he had never suffered entire failure when he pursued this plan, though of course the yield was better some years than others. A somewhat different plan should be employed to produce an extreme crop, all things being favorable. To do this, instead of plowing the sward, he would plow land which had been under cultivation the preceding year, or which had yielded crops of sowed corn. He recommended nature having much ammonia, and cautioned his hearers against applying an excess of manure, thus causing the wheat to lodge. He was in favor of sowing as deep as three inches, to prevent upheaval, and he preferred broadcast sowing. He would never plow more than once, nor would he summer-fallow. He was especially strenuous in urging the protection of exposed surface during the winter. Some means should be employed to collect a covering of snow. Rust and blight are caused by partial winter-killing more than any other thing. He had tried an experiment with a view of discovering a method of protection. He planted rows of corn north and south, four rods apart, across his wheat field. This was done because the prevailing winds are easterly or westerly. He gathered the corn, and left the stalks to collect the snow and arrest the snowing winds. He thus gained complete protection for the exposed field. He did not approve of plowing in farm-yard manure, and believed that a mixture of hog dung and horse dung made in the pen by the swine is the most efficient fertilizer for wheat. A sprinkling of this compound should be spread over the field. He had found that turf plowed in the spring and sowed to peas, is a valuable preparation for wheat-sowing in the fall. To kill quack he would summer-fallow thoroughly.

ENGLISH SPARROWS.—H. McIntire, Ala., asks what the English sparrow could do in ridding them of the "cotton caterpillar." The sparrows are domestic birds, and live around dwellings. They require houses, or if building, a dense growth of ivy or a thatch afford convenient places, they will build their nests in these. They have about three broods a year, and as they feed their young on animal food, the number of insects they destroy is very great. So far, all is in their favor, but the old birds do not live entirely, if largely, upon insects, and the young, when fledged, also require other food, and they devour grain, seeds and small fruits, and in Europe do so much mischief that they are classed among the pests. They do not migrate, but remain all the year round, and when there is much snow they must be fed. In Europe they are charged with attacking and destroying the buds of fruit and other trees, this might be prevented by supplying them with food and water. European farmers who regard them as a nuisance strive to reduce their numbers by destroying their nests, and do not take into account the good they may do early in the season. Having both sides of the question in brief, you can judge if the balance is likely to be, in your case, in favor of or against the introduction of the birds.—*Agriculturist.*

MOULTING FOWLS.—We are accustomed to see the poultry left to its own unhappiness during the moulting season, and the "masterly inactivity" with which the fanciers permit the birds to look after themselves is almost epidemic. The moulting season is really the most trying to fowls, and if nature can be assisted in the process of changing the feathers a real benefit will be done. The blood is during the moulting period heavily drawn from for the materials which compose the feathers, and although birds may at the outset be strong and healthy, the drain upon their system is so great that they are weakened and debilitated, and their laying proclivities are entirely abandoned. If we are able to give as food elements which will quickly replace the exhausted constituents of the blood, we obviously assist in its transformation. We have found that fowls supplied with refuse, and powdered scorched oyster shells moult quickly, and do not lose their strength and vivacity to any perceptible degree. If their drinking water is supplied with rusty iron, all the better, and one drink of milk each day is of great value.

HORSE FOOD.—Of the different kinds of grain, oats is peculiarly the horse's food; always safe, digestible and nutritive. Barley is the best substitute for it. Wheat and Indian corn are sometimes given, but both are unsuitable; the first is too concentrated, and the last is too heating. They ought to be sparingly used, and only when ground and mixed with chaff. The offal of wheat is never objectionable. Grain is always more advantageously fed when ground or crushed, and wet some time previous to eating; and it is still better when cooked. On both sides of the Mediterranean, in the Barbary states, in Spain, France and Italy, much of the food is given in small baked cakes, and the saving in this way is much greater than the expense of preparing it.—*Stock Journal.*

SOAP-SUDS FOR GRAPES.—A. J. Downing says: "I have seen the Isabella grape produce 3,000 fine clusters of well-ripened fruit in a season by the liberal use of manure and soap-suds from the weekly wash." The effect of soap suds on other plants is something surprising. Cypress vine, which had remained stationary a fortnight, when about two inches high, immediately began growing after a good watering with soap-suds, and grew six inches the first five days.

SORT-SIGHTED EGGS.—In the long run we have found far more success, both for ourselves and with others, from pounded raw oyster shells, as preventive of soft-shelled eggs, than anything else. A little lime in the water also helps.—*Wright's Poultry Book.*

GROOMING HORSES.—Where work horses are worked six days in the week, thorough grooming is absolutely essential to their health. The more highly they are fed the more important it is to clean them. Most men use the curry-comb too much and the whisk and brush too little.

—During hard freezing weather, and especially if the ground is covered with snow the rabbit resorts to the bark of small shrubs and trees for food. Their ravages are often very damaging to young trees in the nursery or orchard. It sometimes becomes a question of importance how these ravages may be prevented. The usual remedy is to sprinkle blood or rub grease on the trees likely to be injured by them. This is generally effective, but not always. When trees are tall enough for the branches to be out of their reach, a simple rubbing of the trunks with grease will be sufficient to prevent all damage. If a little tobacco is added, it will make the matter more sure. The rabbit is a clean beast, and does not relish the weed.—*Christian Union.*

DOMESTIC.

THE VALUE OF CONDIMENTS

By condiments we mean substances like sugar, spices, vinegar, and others that are employed to impart flavor and piquancy to the staple foods. They are usually regarded as non-essential, and some writers on dietetics have gone so far as to condemn their use, unless in rare instances and in the most infinitesimal proportions. Like all good things they are liable to be abused, but when properly used they are valuable elements in our daily food. Professor Voit of Munich, than whom there is no higher authority on such a subject, considers that their importance has not been sufficiently recognized. It is not enough that food should contain alimentary principles in proper quantity, to render it really nutritious there must also be a supply of condiments. These have been compared to oil in a machine, which neither makes good the waste of material nor supplies motive power, yet causes it to work better, they render essential service in the processes of nutrition though they are not of themselves able to prevent the waste of any part of the body. "A dietary deprived of condiments, a mere mixture of alimentary principles without taste or smell, is unendurable, and causes nausea and vomiting." It is not until condiments are added to aliment that it really becomes food. Extreme hunger may enable us to dispense with them, as it may compel us to devour what at other times would be disgusting, but under ordinary circumstances they are an essential part of our diet.

Condiments have an important influence upon the process of digestion and nutrition. The mere sight or thought of a savory dish "makes the mouth water,"—that is, it makes the salivary glands pour out their secretion copiously, which is an important stage in digestion, especially for certain articles of food. Experiments made upon dogs show that a similar effect is produced upon the gastric secretion, and thus the work of digestion is further promoted. The loss of the sense of taste would be not merely a loss of enjoyment, but a positive injury to the digestive system. The very smell of food may do us good, just as certain odors will restore a person who has fainted.

It does not follow because condiments are useful, that we may not have too much of them; on the contrary, their best effect depends upon their being used in moderation. The more decided the flavor of any article of food, the sooner does it pall upon the appetite. It is one of the peculiar merits of French cookery that flavors are so delicately blended, no one is specially prominent, and yet by their different combinations a wonderful variety of appetizing effects is produced. We, like the English, are apt to use condiments in a coarse, reckless way, and thus miss their finer and more exquisite effects, besides losing much of the benefit that might be derived from them. By a nicer care in their employment, the plainest and simplest diet might be made at once more delicious and more digestible.—*Journal of Chemistry (Boston).*

MEAT BALLS.—Chop fresh meat very fine—beef, veal, mutton or chicken; beef is the nicest—roll dried bread very fine, add salt, pepper, cloves and mace, and one egg, mix this with the meat. Pound all well together and make into balls a little larger than a hen's egg. Roll in bread-crumbs and egg, and fry in hot lard. Dish with a nice gravy flavored with walnut ketchup. Any cold meat prepared in this way is very good.

TURKEY OR CHICKEN STUFFING.—Grate three cups of bread, then rub them through a colander; pick out every bit of crust, put a drop of water to the crumbs, add a scant cupful of finely chopped suet; pick out all the stringy parts. Add chopped parsley, if agreeable to all, and, if liked highly seasoned, a little sweet marjoram and summer-savory, but not unless it is known to be pleasant to all who are to partake, for these herbs are injurious to many. Grate the rind of one lemon and a very little nutmeg; add pepper and salt. Bind all together with one or two beaten eggs.

PLUM PUDDING.—Blanch two ounces of good sweet almonds, and pound in a marble mortar to a paste. Beat six or eight eggs very thoroughly add to this the almond paste and a pint of sweet cream stir into this a pound of suet finely chopped, a pound of washed and dried currants (currants that have been washed must be thoroughly dried, and then rolled in flour, or the pudding or cake will be heavy), a pound of stoned raisins, and sugar and spices to suit the taste, some candied orange peel or citron cut in small pieces, and two glasses of currant jelly dissolved in half a glass of water. and, lastly, stir in a pound of sifted flour. Beat all well together and boil five hours. Serve with hard or sweet sauce.

GREAT MOVEMENTS IN JAPAN.

The Emperor of Japan, we rejoice to learn, is using his power to good purpose. He has issued a royal edict, which authorizes and requires his subjects to keep the Christian Sabbath on the first day of the week, thus endorsing the Divine command.

On April 1, 1876, in accordance with this edict, the Christian Sabbath commenced in Japan. The Sabbath audiences of the missionaries were greatly increased by this important step of the Mikado's Government; and opportunities were at once afforded for the dissemination of the Gospel amongst multitudes who had never before heard it.

The result of this edict, and of the previous labors of the missionaries, through the Divine blessing, are telling far and wide. The *Hochi Shimbun* of Japan says: "The numerous temples of Buddha at Kioto, which have flourished and attracted thousands of worshippers for the last 800 years, are now neglected and are fast falling into ruin. The great concourse of priests now find it difficult to get their daily food, and are selling out their ancient books to the waste-paper dealers, in order to get a pittance with which to buy a little rice. Some very valuable records of the past lives of native priests and soldiers have already been rescued from the waste-paper dealers; and all antiquarians and philologists would do well to examine, and see if more of these valuable chronicles of the past history of our country might not be saved from utter destruction.

"The old furniture and armor of the dead, *also idols*, as well as swords spears, bows and arrows, find their way into the public exhibitions, and are secured as souvenirs of the past by admiring purchasers; yet these are dumb witnesses of our ancient history. But the old books can tell us in detail of what really transpired in those old times; and it seems a great pity that these tongued witnesses should not be saved from destruction, and preserved for the instruction of the present and future generations."

Such is the testimony of the Japanese themselves respecting the breaking up of their ancient idolatries, and of the system which maintained them.—*Missionary News.*

THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

(CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*)

Helen loved both her brothers, but she was specially fond of this second brother, Fred. He had more fun in him than the elder, and even in this season of calamity had found time to cheer up Helen; whilst James, alternately fuming and moping over them, had been too much taken up with the family troubles to pay her any attention—a neglect which she felt the more because he generally, like all the rest of the household, made so much of her. The gig had swayed about half a mile along the Romanchester road when it passed Grim Jim.

He touched his hat, according to custom, to Fred Hallen, but there was no sincerity in the respectful-seeming gesture; and what frightened little Helen read in the lounging fellow's sullen eyes was—

"Mind, now, if you say a word, I'll murder *him* as well as you."

"What a sulky lout that chap is!" was Fred's comment, as the gig rolled on. "I wonder what mischief he's been up to to-day. He's always going wrong, somehow or other."

Fred had no more suspicion than his father that Grim Jim was the incendiary who had shorn the Old Bere Farm of its glory, but Helen fancied that he had; and fond though she was of her brother, she was glad when he had given her his good-bye kiss, and left her at her school.

CHAPTER II.—HAUNTED.

Her governesses and schoolmates, as has been said, had always made a favorite of Helen, but when they welcomed her back to school they took a double interest in her on account of her recent adventures. Under other circumstances, no doubt, Helen would have liked to be looked upon as a kind of heroine, and would have taken delight in relating over and over again the incidents of the fire in spite of the harm it had done her father; but the recollection of Grim Jim deprived her of this pleasure. She would begin to talk of the eventful night, and then his sinister face would suddenly look up at her from behind the tree, or scowl at her brother seated by her side; and she would stammer, and try to turn the subject as speedily as possible to something else. For some time Grim Jim constantly troubled her like a "grumbling" tooth. When in the night she sleepless lay; the pain that was chronic when the sun shone, and she had lessons to do and playmates to chat with, became acute, and when she fell asleep ill dreams of him disturbed her rest.

She had no personal fear of the man so long as she remained at school; but free from that apprehension, she worried her little head and heart all the more with the thought that her father

PLOUGHING AND SOWING A RICE-FIELD IN JAPAN.

would find out Grim Jim, and that the awful consequences she had pictured to herself would follow. Night and morning she added to her usual prayers on his behalf, "Pray God, grant father mayn't find out Grim Jim."

He sometimes through press of business, chanced not to call at her school on market-day, and formerly Helen, though very disappointed at not seeing him, had felt no alarm on these occasions; but now she lost all enjoyment of her half-holiday when he did not make his appearance on Saturdays, and when he did come was so loth to let him leave that the farmer was puzzled. He asked her whether she was uncomfortable at school.

"Oh, no," she answered with such genuine sincerity that he was still more puzzled. As the weeks went by, however, and her father came to Romanchester pretty regularly with them, Helen ceased to think of Grim Jim. Once she saw him minding a pen of pigs as she walked up the crowded High Street with her father on market-day, but his back was turned towards her, so she did not see his face, and it was his sullen, savage eyes that were her terror. To most persons Grim Jim, seen from behind, would have looked very much like any other smockfrocked country-man; but Helen instantly recognized him. She remembered the pen on a hurdle of which he had been sitting, with his legs up and gave a quick, anxious glance at it as she returned. To her great relief Grim Jim was no longer there. He came into her head again next day during evening service, but as she thought of him, that beautiful collect was read, "Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord: and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of Thy only Son our Saviour, Jesus Christ, Amen;" and the comfortable words made her, temporarily, bold enough to defy a legion of Grim Jims.

One Saturday, a little while before Easter, her father said to her—

"You remember Grim Jim, Nelly?"

In spite of the carelessness of her father's tone, little Helen's heart gave a great jump.

Greatly was she relieved when her father went on—"Well, he's taken himself off somewhere, and good riddance of bad rubbish. I suppose he'd made the country too hot to hold him somehow, though I haven't heard anything of his having been up to anything worse than usual lately. Anyhow, nothing's been seen or heard of him for the last three weeks. Some folk say he's made away wi' himself, but I won't believe that. Grim Jim was a deal too fond of his own skin to do himself any hurt."

Helen was horrified when, just for an instant, she found herself wishing—

"Oh, if he *had* made away with himself, and could never trouble us any more!"

The joy that she felt at his having disappeared under any circumstances was speedily dashed. Just as she was thinking how nice it would be now to spend the Easter holidays at home, her father told her that he thought that it would be better for her not to come home until midsummer, as the place was all in a muddle, the landlord having taken it into his head, whilst the bricklayers and carpenters were on the spot restoring the farm-buildings, to modernize the farm-house,

It was a bitter disappointment. Nevertheless, Helen got comfort out of the very fact that intensified it—the disappearance of Grim Jim.

Easter came and Easter went, and at last came glorious golden midsummer. As a good many of the pupils at Helen's school were farmers' daughters, it adapted its breaking-up to market-day. On a lovely Saturday evening in mid-June, Helen, seated beside her idolized father in the great family gig—her seat a world too wide for her—rolled out of the arched gateway of the Romanchester Red Lion Yard, and took the road for Old Bere Hall. Helen was so delighted at the thought of being on the road to home—a home whose brightness would be dimmed by the overbrooding shadow of no Grim Jim, that she seldom noticed how silent her father was—so different from his wont at such times; still she could not help noticing his silence occasionally, and wondering at it. When she reached her home, she found that brick had taken the place of wood, and tile of thatch, in the farm-buildings. No doubt, this was an improvment in an economic point of view, but Helen had been accustomed to wood and thatch, and the new brick and tile seemed to her hideously prim and cold.

It was the transmogrification that old farm-house had undergone, however, which chiefly affected her. The shell of the old place had been worked into the new structure, but old windows had been built up and new ones pierced in it; the new parts added on, the new roof with new chimney-tops that covered it, the new arrangements of rooms and passages and staircases within so disguised it that Helen could scarcely believe she was in any sense back in her old home.

"Oh, father," she cried at supper—in what she called a new-fangled room—"how could you let them turn the old place inside out in this fashion?" If any one else had asked him such a question, the farmer would have sworn fiercely, but to his little girl he simply answered sadly, "I'd no say in the matter, my girl." Fred hastily put in,—

"Well, any how, Nell, you've got your cats and dogs and the blackbird all the same—and your rabbits, except that there's a tribe, I don't know how many tribes, of young ones, since you went away. I've looked after them for you.

Before she went to bed, Helen learnt that the fire had very seriously crippled her father's means, and that, being only a tenant-at-will, he would have to leave the farm at Michaelmas. It was for a more pecunious tenant, who had bid for the farm over his head, that the alterations had been made.

Helen felt very bitter against Grim Jim when she lay down on her bed in a new square, big-windowed room, still smelling of mortar, so different from the many-cornered, latticed, cosy little nest of a chamber in which she used to sleep.

She had just said, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us," but she felt almost sure that such trespasses as his were not meant to be forgiven. Had he only been still in the neighborhood, she thought that, if quite sure that her father could be kept from killing him before the law got hold of him, and so getting killed himself, she could have mustered courage to denounce him, heedless of all peril to herself. But when she woke next day, in the sweet fresh early morning, she was in a happier frame of mind. The dear old orchard remained very much as in the old time, and Helen, dimming her shoes and drenching her stockings in its thickly dew-beaded grass, wandered delighted beneath its summer leaves and white and white-and-pink blossoms, and funny little fluffy forming fruits. A great many other haunts of hers also were unchanged. She liked to get out of sight of the raw, new farm-buildings, the mournfully metamorphosed old farm-house, and roam about the dear old farm, gathering dog-roses and poppies, mallow and mushrooms, helping to toss the newly-cut hay, chasing the funny little swarms of hopping frogkins, and watching the coveys of young partridges rise out of, whirr over, and then suddenly drop again into the sea of green, waving corn. There was a little rise, with a hill opposite, that was a favorite resort of Helen's because from it she could hear the peal of the church-bells, the report of a gun, the blast of a horn, the crack of a whip, a shout across a field, the bellow of a bull, the bark of a dog, the crow of a cock, and so on, repeated. Helen invested the echo with personality, and wondered whether it was stupidity or obstinacy or laziness that made it, after having repeated two or three words quite distinctly, suddenly lapse into silence.

"Multiplication is——" the echo would enunciate most hopefully, but decline to repeat "a vexation," unless Helen gave the words a second time separately. "How doth the little busy bee," had in like manner to be bisected for the echo's convenience; and so had the other tests to which Helen put it, if they exceeded five or six syllables. Now that, as she supposed, Grim Jim was far away, Helen wandered fearlessly about the farm at all hours. Sometimes she had, sometimes she had not the dogs with her, but when she had, she looked upon them as companions, not protectors.

She was wandering one evening in the summer dusk. Bats were zigzagging about on noiseless wing, but with strident cry; night-moths were humming in the honey-suckles; and bees, busy up to the last moment before going to bed, about the luscious blossoms of the umbrageous limes. Beetles came booming and blundering through the dewy air; field-crickets were chirping on all sides. The nightingale had ceased for the year its English song; but the woodlark was warbling sweetly. On and on the little girl wandered until she came, as she would have phrased it, near where Echo lived. She thought she would go and bid it good night, and mounting the rise, sung out the words in her silvery, shrill little voice.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Family Circle.

THE POOR IN SPIRIT

BY CAROLINE MAY.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt v. 3.

How happy are the poor in spirit,
How cheerfully they dwell,
As if the kingdom they inherit,
Were heaven and earth as well!

If wealth is theirs, they are not troubled
To save it, or enlarge;
But others' wants, with gifts redoubled,
They make their willing charge.

If low their lot, their heart is lowly,
Fearing no hurtful fall
Their highest aim is to be holy,
And find in God their all.

His will they meet with daily gladness,
As guide to their own will;
Whether it bring them joy or sadness
Good things or seeming ill.

If good, they sing aloud of mercies
To which they have no claim;
If ill, they reckon griefs no curses,
If free from sin and shame.

The poor in spirit do not stumble
When dangers round them close.
For brave and true, as well as humble,
They soon disarm their foes.

They bring no Pharisaic merit
To plead before God's eyes.
A contrite heart and broken spirit
Is their one sacrifice.

They were the first the Saviour singled
From out the waiting throng,
Upon the lofty mountain mingled,
To hear of right and wrong.

They, in that sermon of the Saviour,
The world still ponders o'er,
Were first assured of heavenly power,—
Ev'n life for ever more!

Humility, self-abnegation,
Is Christ's most precious gem.
He gives it foremost exaltation
In his own diadem.

And they who have that, well hidden,
Treasured with constant care,
Though poor on earth, shall soon be bidden
A heavenly throne to share.

Who would not wrestle with affliction,
And conquer every sin,
To gain the crown of benediction
The "poor in spirit" win?

—*N. Y. Observer.*

GIVING UP SUNDAY-SCHOOL

BY CHRISTIE CORNWELL.

'Are you going to the Sunday-school meeting this evening, Willie?' Mrs. Morris asked her son, as they sat by their little tea-table one old January night.

'No, mother,' he replied in a quick irritable voice: 'I don't see any sense in having Sunday-school meetings during the week; besides, we are going coasting to-night.'

'I am sorry,' said his mother sighing. 'I think you would enjoy it, and ought to go. Your teacher will expect you.'

'Much he'll know or care! Mother, I think it's time I gave up Sunday-school. There isn't hardly a boy as large or old as I in the school, and all the fellows make fun of me. Tom Hays wanted to know if I belonged to the infant class?'

Mrs. Morris looked up steadily, and said: 'I thought my son was too manly to mind such poor wit and ridicule from a town loafer.'

Will's face flushed as he answered frankly: 'But, mother, it does sting yet I wouldn't mind if I had a teacher I liked. I believe Mr. Dwight takes his class because he thinks as a member of the Church he must and just fills in the time with goodish talk, and prosy accounts of the idolatrous Jews. He is as glad as we are when the school is dismissed.'

'Perhaps you don't give him the right attention,' said Mrs. Morris.

'He don't interest us, mother, and don't seem to try. Besides, what does he know or care about us during the week? Even when I meet him on the street, he often doesn't recognize me. Really, mother, I'm going to quit the school. But I'll always go to church with you. I like the old dominie if he does end most of his words with "tion." But I must be off it is splendid moonlight! The hills since the thaw are covered with ice, smooth as glass. All the fellows in the village will be out to-night.'

'Willie, you don't go with boys to get liquor, I hope?' asked his mother anxiously.

'No; sometimes we take a glass of root beer, and once in a while a little lager. You know they can't harm.'

'Don't begin, my son, even with these. Avoid the first wrong step.'

'Don't you worry, dear old mammy I'll take good care of myself, and you too'

And the boy bent down his handsome, glowing face, and printed several kisses on his mother's thin cheeks: then catching up hat and tippet with a merry whoop, passed out.

Mrs. Morris was a poor widow, renting a little cottage on a side street, in the village of Clayton. Willie, her only child, was a lad of fourteen. He worked in a cotton factory near the village, and his earnings, added to what his mother made with her needle, formed their support. Before her husband's death Mrs. Morris had seen more prosperous days. Since then she had struggled bravely against poverty: and being a true Christian woman had thrown a loving home influence around her boy.

But he was gay, strong, and self-willed. As he grew older his mother could control him only by his unbounded affection for her.

This night, after the conversation just recorded, she cleared away the tea things, then sat down by the fire and gave herself to anxious thought. She knew most of his companions were reckless and unprincipled. How could she shield him from temptations assailing him at every step!

That night he had thrown off one more good influence. 'Why was it?' she asked, and painfully the answer returned, 'Because Satan's emissaries present their attractions in a bright, alluring form. God's servants too often repulse and chill the gay young heart.'

She felt a strange foreboding of evil. Boys were so reckless in their sports; but it was moral injuries she feared the most. Burdened with a sense of her own helplessness, she knelt down, and poured out her soul in prayer, that God would save her son from growing up to a manhood of intemperance and vice.

While the mother prayed, the boy joined his gay companions. They told him they were going to ride on Post Hill, which passed in front of the church. That street was perfectly smooth, and with sufficient descent for nearly a mile. Will objected, fearing they might disturb the meeting. But his remonstrance was met with shouts of laughter and taunts, as to whether 'he feared his teacher would catch him playing truant. It wasn't Sunday. They had as good right there as elsewhere.'

With this last suggestion he quieted his conscience, as the solemn church bell rang through the frosty air.

It was a splendid night for coasting, and in a few minutes he started at the head of the long board, resting on two sleds, and crowded full of boys. Some had fish horns, from which they blew long blasts; some strings of bells, that mingled merrily with shouts and laughter.

Oh how exhilarating, as like lightning they sped by trees and houses, the keen wind making their blood tingle, while a slight consciousness of danger gave spice to the sport. Then up hill they pulled, regardless of many a trouble, and again went whirling safely down.

But in the progress of the third descent, a horse and sleigh was seen advancing. Will Morris, an expert steersman, thought he was giving a wide margin to pass; but the unusual sight alarmed the horse, who suddenly swerved, shied his sleigh around, and struck the bob, tossing the boys hither and thither on the hard ice.

The occupant of the sleigh was Mr. Dwight, returning in haste from a business engagement, to reach the meeting. He instantly came to the boys' relief. None were found seriously injured, except Will Morris, who was thrown with force against a tree. He was taken up insensible, apparently dead. Putting him in the cutter, Mr. Dwight drove rapidly to his home, while some boys ran for the doctor.

Widow Morris was busy with her needle when the sound of tramping feet made her start to the door with trembling fear. Had God thus answered her prayer?

After a few hours consciousness was restored. A badly broken limb proved the most serious consequence. Mr. Dwight remained, giving efficient help till the lad was made as comfortable as possible. While thus employed, he noted with surprise the self-control of both mother and son, even when under intense pain as the doctor set the broken bones. He also noticed the neatness and refinement that pervaded the little room.

When leaving, he promised to call again soon, and said he trusted 'William would feel thankful to the kind Providence which had spared his life, and henceforth devote it to God's service.'

Will followed his retreating form with a bitter smile. He was not yet ready to acknowledge the benefits received, and could only remember that his sleigh struck the blow that laid him there. Aware that probably weeks must pass before he could be out, came the serious question of support meanwhile. His mother could get but little work, and had not strength to undertake more, if she had it to do. A long winter was yet before them, and no funds laid by. His place would be filled by others eager to obtain it, and even with restored health, what could he find to keep the wolf from the door? Over these thoughts he brooded till the weary brain yielded to the lethargic fever.

Mr. Dwight, in the stress of business, forgot the accident for several days, but one night, passing the physician, he recalled their last meeting, and stopped him to enquire for his patient.

Dr. Smith replied: 'He does not progress very favorably. Every day I find a feverish pulse, and fear there are causes at work I cannot control.'

'What are they? Is there anything I can do?'

'I think he fears losing his place in the factory. I know they are poor, but they must be brought pretty low to ask, or even accept help, given as charity. If you could get the mother better pay for her work than she receives from the shops, it would be a true kindness. Then, too, the boy chafes under this long confinement.'

'Is he strong enough to read, or look at pictures?'

'Yes; if of the right kind, they would do more than medicine. I am interested in his case. There is fine material, but it wants peculiar handling.'

'Well, thank you, Doctor, for your suggestions. I'll see what I can do.'

Mr. Dwight entered his comfortable home, and asked his wife to prepare a basket of delicacies for a sick boy, then passed into his library, and took down a handsomely illustrated volume of natural history. He remembered noticing some stuffed birds perched upon a rustic branch on the cottage mantlepiece, also a little painted box filled with carefully-preserved insects. It looked like the boy's work; anyway he would find out.

Mrs. Morris had gone to return some work, and Will was lying pale and weary, watching the little fire die out. The room was cheerless and cold. Mr. Dwight greeted him heartily, and enquired for the broken limb, then, after mending the fire, he began examining the birds and insects. He praised the care with which they were preserved, and made some comments on their peculiar habits, instantly proving that he had touched the right key.

Will's interest and enthusiasm were fully aroused, and with a little skilful questioning he revealed unusual intelligence and careful observation. Mr. Dwight then unwrapped the book he had brought, and saw Will's eyes dance with delight at the thought of reading a volume he had so often longed for. His heart was won.

With a cool orange pressed to his feverish lips, it was not difficult for Mr. Dwight to draw out his former history, and the troubles which now oppressed him.

He told Will, he stood in need of another clerk in his store, and if he wished, would advance him every week the wages he had received at the mills, till he was able to work. Then, as he could, he should return the money, in just such sums as most convenient, adding, he was sure Will would rather receive help in that manly fashion, than take it as a gift.

'Indeed I would. O Sir, you don't half know what a kindness you have done. I'll prove the most faithful clerk you ever had, and soon pay for this present help. I'll get well now. It was just the worry kept me back.'

'With God's help, my boy. We are all poor servants working in our own strength.'

Just then Mrs. Morris returned, and in eager words Willie told of Mr. Dwight's kindness, ending his story with the exclamation, 'O mother, isn't he a *brick*!' Then blushingly apologized as his elders laughed. But Mr. Dwight left the cottage, feeling it was the highest encomium the boy could give.

As the church bell rang for the weekly prayer-meeting, he turned his steps thither. As he went he asked himself why he had known so little of that boy or his surroundings before. Nearly a year he had been a member of his class, yet was virtually a stranger. Will's comparison came back with a deeper meaning now. How had he been building? Was he in Christ's temple only a poor, worthless brick, made with stubble, that would not stand the fiery test, or 'a living stone, offered as a spiritual sacrifice, acceptable to God.'

Full of this thought, he addressed his brethren, speaking from his heart, and reaching theirs. And so, no one really knew how it came about, but in a few weeks there was such a revival as the village of Clayton had hardly ever known before. Quietly it began in a renewed consecration of Christ's followers, then working outward to the haunts of sin, till many a youth was drawn safely into the fold. And Will Morris on his sick-bed was not excluded from the blessing.

None of Mr. Dwight's class complained of want of interest after this, and there were boys past fourteen not ashamed to join them.

Years have passed by since these events occurred, and in the village of Clayton, now much enlarged, may be seen a fine store, with the sign 'Dwight & Morris' over it.

Within, often on a winter's day, you will see Mr. Dwight, now an old gray-haired man, sitting in his arm-chair near the stove, and gathered around him an earnest group of men, discussing public improvements and moral reforms. Behind the busy counter stands our old friend, Will Morris, a matured man, who adds now and then a wise suggestion, or if the discussion grows too warm, tosses into their midst a merry joke, cooling them down like a summer breeze which leaves no sting behind.

By the sunny window of a pretty Gothic cottage, sits Widow Morris with her knitting; but sometimes she lets it drop unheeded on her lap, as she watches her little grandson trudging by with his sled, and her thoughts go back to the January night long ago, when she sought God's help to save her boy, and his blessed answer came, but not by means she would have chosen.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

THE CONFESSION.

PAUL HANSON.

Bert was in trouble. His father was away, but was coming home in a day or two, and it seemed that one of the first things he would hear must be bad news of his boy.

A couple of days before, some of the schoolboys had begun teasing a poorly dressed little girl, and had kept on, from one thing to another, until the child's clothes were torn, and she was thrown down and hurt. And now it was said that she was sick, and her father was very angry, and threatened to have the boys arrested, and Bert was one of them. He was sitting in his room upstairs, trying to think how he could manage this bad case and keep his father from being so disappointed in him.

While he was thinking, there was a rap at the door, and his uncle came in. Now, Bert was rather afraid of Uncle John, for he had talked pretty plainly to him about some of his mischief. But now it seemed that he must speak to somebody, and hard as it was, he had soon given his uncle an account of his troubles.

"Yes, yes, a bad case, indeed," said Uncle John; "a little girl going about her business, doing no harm to anybody, and a mob of great boys, any one of them three times as strong as she, setting upon her, blackguarding, pushing, pulling and abusing, until she is hurt and frightened into sickness! And Herbert Bronson one of the leaders in such a noble game!"

"Oh, no, Uncle!" exclaimed Bert, eagerly. "Jim and Bob began it, and I was led into it. I'm sure I shouldn't have done it if it hadn't been for them."

"Led into it," said Uncle John. "led into it. I believe this is not the first mischief you have been in, in the same company!"

"No," said Bert, faintly; "mother says if I was away from them I should do better."

"Maybe so; but what kind of a man will you make if you are going to be led into whatever an evil companion chooses to have you do? Jim and Bob, we will say, want you to play truant, to rob orchards, and bully those who are too weak to resist. By-and-by, they, or somebody else, will want you to drink and gamble with them, and then to steal. Must you be led into it? If so, you are bound for prison anyway, and I don't know but you may as well go now."

"O, Uncle," said Bert, "can't you do something to help me?"

"Probably I could, if I could get you to change your course. I wish you had been made with backbone, and not like a toad or a caterpillar, or like a quart of water, which takes the shape of any dish it happens to be put into. It sickens me to think of it. What were you doing while they were leading you into the meanest kind of mischief! Besides, there were Will and Ned—what were they doing."

"They said it was a shame," owned Bert, "and the boys stopped once, but began again after they were gone."

"And you were so easily led, how is it that they did not lead you out of it! Don't you see it was because Bert Bronson was on the side of meanness and rowdyism!"

Bert had no answer for this question, but he asked again. "What can I do, now the thing is done! Can't you tell me something!"

"Yes, I can tell you something. Go right to Mr. Green, and tell him you were one of the boys who hurt his little girl, and that you are sorry, and will do anything you can to remedy your mischief. If you will do that, I will try to smooth matters with him, and I think we

can keep things from getting any worse than they are now."

"But that's awful hard, Uncle," whined Bert.

"Hard! I should hope so. I don't want you to find confession so easy that you can get right over it, and be ready for the next time. I hope you will have an experience you will remember. Now, if you accept my offer, you can't be off too soon on your errand. But do not try to lay the blame on somebody else. Own up your own fault like a man, or, at least, like a boy there is hope of making a man of."

Bert groaned, and looked around, as if for some escape; but his uncle gave him no further encouragement, and, after a few minutes, he started up, seized his cap, and crying, "I'll do it," rushed downstairs and out of the house.

Confession was hard, as Bert supposed, but he got through with it: and things soon looked brighter. Mr. Green was not very hard to pacify, especially as his daughter soon began to be better. Uncle John kept his part of the agreement, and Bert's trouble passed away.

Possibly the uncle might have done a little differently to better advantage; but the effect seems to be good so far. Bert has been pretty careful for some time what he allows himself to be led into. Uncle John says the bitter taste of the medicine is in his mouth yet.—*N. Y. Observer.*

DR. CUYLER ON THE THEATRE.

A great many extravagant things have been uttered in regard to the drama and the American stage. The most extreme views have been taken by persons looking at the matter from exactly opposite points. Some persons, looking only at a refined company assembled to witness the performance of such a master-piece of genius as Hamlet or Othello, have not hesitated to speak of the theatre only and always as a school of mental and moral instruction. Others, looking at a promiscuous crowd of immortal beings who go to witness a performance which inflames sensual desire, following from the play-house to the neighboring dram-shop and the dark haunt of infamy, have not hesitated to say that the theatre is only the vestibule to perdition. For myself, I have tried to be influenced by neither extreme; but have always endeavored to see the average result of not an ideal institution, but the actual one. I have looked at the whole system in the gross, as a totality; and, looking at it thus for thirty years, as a Christian teacher, who is held responsible to God for the future of those committed to my charge and their immortal souls, I formed long ago a very decided opinion. When young men again and again have asked me counsel in regard to this question, I have always frankly said that the *safest side of the theatre is the outside.* Many good people drink wine, for good people do sometimes set very bad examples; yet I would say to every young man: the only course of safety is to touch not, taste not that which may arouse the lurking appetite, to the ruin of body and soul. I have not believed that the average theatre is the best place to spend time or money. And remember that every young man should be taught that he must render an account to God for both time and money. It is not the best place to learn correct lessons for the stern conflict of life. I do not believe it is the best place to preserve that delicate purity of heart that *we* should strive for. For youthful passion is like tinder—easily kindled; and when the flame has once broken out, oh! it may need the grace of God to extinguish it. It is not the best atmosphere to cultivate spiritual strength or reach spiritual enjoyment. It is not the best place, commonly, to find a companion for the heart and the life. Since death may overtake us in every path we ever choose for ourselves, certainly—although our martyred President spent his last conscious hour there—we would not choose it as the place to die.

CANINE SAGACITY.

A gentleman of wealth and position in London had, some years ago, a country-house and farm about sixty miles from the metropolis. At this country residence he kept a number of dogs, and among them a very large mastiff and a Scotch terrier; and, at the close of one of his summer residences in the country, he resolved to bring his terrier with him to London for the winter season. There being no railway to that particular part of the country, the dog travelled with the servants in a post-carriage, and on his arrival at the town-house was brought out to the stable, where a large Newfoundland dog was kept as a watch-dog. This latter individual looked with anything but pleasure on the arrival of the little intruder from the country, and consequently, the Scotch terrier had not been very long in his new home when this canine master of the stable attacked him, and, in the language of human beings, gave him a sound thrashing.

The little animal could, of course, never hope by himself to chastise his host for this inhospitable welcome, but he determined that by some agency chastisement should come. Accordingly, he lay very quiet that night in a remote corner of the stable, but when morning had fully shone forth he was nowhere to be found. Search was made for him, as the phrase says, high and low, but without success; and the conclusion reluctantly arrived at was that he had been stolen. On the third morning after his disappearance, however, he again showed himself in London, but this time not alone; for, to the amazement of every one, he entered the stable attended by the big mastiff from Kent. This great brute had no sooner arrived than he flew at the Newfoundland dog, who had so badly treated his little terrier friend, and a severe contest ensued, which the little terrier himself, seated at a short distance, viewed with the utmost dignity and satisfaction. The result of the battle was, that the mastiff came off the conqueror, and gave his opponent a tremendous beating.

When he had quite satisfied himself as to the result, this great avenger from Kent scarcely waited to receive the recognition of his master, who had been sent for immediately on the dog's arrival, but at once marched out of the stable, to the door of which the little terrier accompanied him, and was seen no more. Some few days afterwards, however, the gentleman received a letter from his steward in the country, informing him of the sudden appearance of the terrier there, and his as sudden disappearance along with the large mastiff; and stating that the latter had remained away three or four days, during which they had searched in vain for him, but had just then returned home again. It then, of course, became quite clear that the little dog, finding himself unable to punish the town-bully, had thought of his "big brother" in the country, had travelled over the sixty miles which separated them, in order to gain his assistance, and had recounted to him his grievance; it was plain also that the mastiff had consented to come and avenge his old friend, had travelled with him to London, and, having fulfilled his promise, had returned home, leaving the little fellow free from annoyance in the future.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Heavy Things.—"Iron is heavy," said a friend, as I took hold of a slender bar which he held in his hand. "Yes," was the reply, "but not so heavy as gold, for that sometimes sinks men in destruction and perdition." There are many people, who, notwithstanding this fact, are willing, yea, anxious to load themselves with such a burden. The man who would run a race lays aside every weight. The man who swims for his life divests himself of every encumbrance; and yet men who feel and admit the necessity of putting forth their utmost efforts to save themselves from this untoward generation, still continue to load and burden themselves with things that perish with the using;—with gold, that encumbers us here, and can not help us hereafter. Our Saviour has declared that the deceitfulness of riches chokes the word of God; that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; that the rich are in especial danger; and an apostle has taught us that "the love of money is the root of all evil," and yet, in spite of all these warnings, persons persist in loading themselves with worldly possessions which must hinder their spiritual progress, and possibly imperil their eternal interests. Let us "take heed and beware of covetousness," lest at the last, we weep and howl with the rich, for the miseries which shall come upon us, when our gold is cankered, our garments moth-eaten, and the treasures which we have amassed shall perish in the flames of the burning day.—*The Christian.*

Ministering.—Pure religion and undefiled is "ministering," not the other thing, "being ministered unto." "It is handing over the morning paper to another for first perusal. It is vacating a pleasant seat by the fire for one who comes in chilled. It is giving up the most restful arm-chair or sofa corner for one who is weary. It is "moving up" in the pew to let the new comer sit down by the entrance. It is rising from your place to darken the blind when the sun's ray stream in too brightly upon some face in the circle. It is giving your own comfort and convenience away time for the comfort and convenience of another. This is at once true courtesy and real Christianity. If we mean to copy the spirit of the Master, we must be ready in every relation of life, and at every hour of the day, to give up being waited upon, and to practice this self-sacrificing, beneficent, and "ministering" graciousness of spirit and conduct.—*Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D.*

—Woe that are of a froward heart are abomination to the Lord: but such as are upright in their way are his delight.

THE DIAL AND THE SUN.

(*From the Spanish of Jose Rosas, a Mexican Poet.*)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A dial, looking from a stately tower,
While from her cloudless path in heaven the sun
Shone on its disk, as hour succeeded hour,
Faithfully marked their flight till day was done.
Fair was that gilded disk; but when, at last,
Night brought the shadowy hours twixt eve and prime,
No longer that fair disk for those who passed
Measured and marked the silent flight of time.
The human mind, on which no hallowed light
Shines from the sphere beyond the starry train,
Is like the dial's gilded disk at night,
Whose cunning tracery exists in vain.
—*Church Union.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES

(*From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.*)

LESSON V.

FEBRUARY 4.]

ELIJAH AND AHAB. (About 906 B. C.)

READ 1 Kings xviii. 6-18. RECITE vs. 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And Joshua said, Why hast thou troubled us? the Lord shall trouble thee this day.—Josh. vii. 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Wicked rulers trouble a nation.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—1 Kings xviii. 6-16. *T.*—Joel i. 10-20. *W.*—Jer. xiv. 1-12. *Th.*—Ps. xxxii. *F.*—Amos vii. 10-17. *Sa.*—Heb. xii. 5-17. *S.*—Jer. ii. 19-20.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—While Elijah dwelt at the widow's house her son fell sick and died; he restored the child to life, he rebuked Ahab.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Read the sad death of the widow's son, the wonderful miracle of raising him to life by Elijah, and vs. 1-4.

NOTES.—*Obadiah.* (servant of God) Twelve persons of this name are noticed in the Bible. This one was "governor" of Ahab's palace. Jewish tradition says he is the same as Obadiah the prophet, and the captain of Ahaziah's third company of fifty men, and that his widow asked aid of Elisha. 2 Kings iv. 1. *Ba'al-im* or "the Baalim," plural of Baal, referring to the various forms or names under which Baal, the supreme god of the Phœnicians, was worshipped.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW WITH OBADIAH. (II.) ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW WITH AHAB.

I. ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW WITH OBADIAH. (5.) **Obadiah**, see Notes; **fountains**, springs perennial streams; **brooks**, torrent-courses, full in the wet season, but dry in summer; **lose not all**, or "that we cut not off (ourselves) from the beasts;" "all" is not in the Hebrew. (6.) **divided the land**, the careful search for food by the king and his chief officers shows how severe the famine was; **by himself**, not that they each went alone, but merely each went a different way. (7.) **Art thou that**, etc., or "Art thou here, my lord."—*Rawlinson.* (9.) **What have I sinned**. Obadiah thought to obey Elijah would prove his death. (10.) **no nation**, none whom Ahab's power reached; **took an oath**, of dependent kings or nations that Elijah was not in their bounds. (12.) **spirit . . . carry thee**,—that is, help Elijah to disappear. 1 Kings xvii. 3). Later in the Bible, persons are said to have been suddenly borne away by the Spirit (2 Kings ii. 11; Acts viii 39); but I . . . fear the Lord, or "since I fear the Lord." Ahab will slay me. (13.) **was it not told**, Obadiah pleads his kind act as a reason for not putting his life in peril now. (16.) **As the Lord**, a form of solemn oath.

I. Questions.—State the great miracle wrought while Elijah was at Zarephath? How long had the famine now lasted? v. 1. How came Obadiah to meet Elijah? Who was searching for grass with Obadiah? Why does this prove the famine very severe? How did Obadiah greet Elijah? State Elijah's command. Obadiah's answer. Why he made it. How had Elijah been sought for? Where had he been all this time? How hidden? Under whose direction? What good act did Obadiah plead? How did Elijah assure him?

II. ELIJAH MEETS AHAB. (17.) "Art thou," etc., or "Thou here, O troubler of Israel?" that is. Do you venture here? (18.) **I have not troubled Israel**, but thou. Elijah makes no apologies or pleas for pardon but boldly charges the king with sin. **Baalims**. See Notes.

II. Questions.—How did Ahab learn where Elijah was? Whither did he go? What did the king say to Elijah? Why? What was Elijah's answer? How had Ahab troubled Israel? Why does sin generally bring trouble?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) The value of serving God among even wicked men?

(2.) Of the perfect safety of those whom God protects?

(3.) That the sinner is the troubler of any people?

Illustration.—*Trouble Ending.* Many of our troubles are God dragging us, and they would end if we would stand up on our feet, and go whither He would have us.—*Beecher.*

Sin brings trouble. Ingha illustrates this by the following.—If I were going along a street, and were to dash my hand through a large pane of glass, what harm would I receive? "You would be punished for breaking the glass!" Would that be all the harm I should receive? "Your hand would be cut by the glass." So it is with sin. If you break God's laws, you will be punished for breaking them, and your soul is hurt in the very act of breaking them.

WHEN THE WICKED RULE THE PEOPLE MOURN.

FORMS OF SALUTATION IN THE EAST.

LESSON VI.

FEBRUARY 11.]

ELIJAH AND THE PROPHETS OF BAAL (About 906 B. C.)

READ 1 Kings xviii. 19-29. RECITE vs. 25-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.—How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him.—1 Kings xviii. 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Men must choose whom they will serve.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—1 Kings xviii. 19-29. *T.*—Matt. vi. 19-24. *W.*—Josh. xxiv. 14-25. *Th.*—2 Peter ii. 1-9. *F.*—Matt. vii. 13-23. *Sa.*—1 Chron. xxi. 18-30. *S.*—Ps. cxv.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Elijah having reproved Ahab for his sin, demanded that the priests of Baal be gathered at Mount Carmel.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—A careful reading of vs. 22-24 will show that the priests of Baal were compelled by the people to submit to the trial proposed by Elijah. They may have hoped to escape by some accident or deception, but Elijah required every act of the preparation and of sacrifice to be done in the most public manner. If, as some suggest, Baal was the "fire god," the trial by fire seems yet more strikingly appropriate.

NOTES.—*Carmel*, a ridge of mountains about 12 miles long; 500 feet high at the sea, and 1,800 feet high at the south-east end. It extends south-east from the Mediterranean at a point due west from the Sea of Galilee. This sacrifice was near the south-east end, at *El Mukrakah*, or "place of burning." An old well or spring has been found 250 feet below this "place," and the Kishon River is not far away, about 1,000 feet lower.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) ELIJAH'S CHALLENGE. (II.) BAAL'S FAILURE.

I. ELIJAH'S CHALLENGE. (19.) **Mount Carmel**, see Notes; **prophets**, false prophets or teachers; **groves**, "prophets of *Asherah*," the chief goddess of the Phœnicians, **eat at**, or "eat *from*," Jezebel's table, not eating with her, but fed by her. **Jezebel**, wife of Ahab. (21.) **halt**, *Heb.* "dance around" or whirl around, first toward Jehovah and then toward Baal; **two opinions**, or "two parties;" **if the Lord, go**, and follow one or the other wholly; **answered not a word**, so the convicted sinner is silent. Matt. xxii. 12. (22.) **I only, one against 450**; the trial fair enough for the latter. (23.) **give us**, Baal priests to choose the animals. (24.) **the god that answereth by fire**, Baal-worshippers ascribed thunder and lightning to their god, and thus had no excuse for refusing this challenge. It is well spoken, "the word is good" (*Hebrew*); the people agree to this trial.

I. Questions.—What bold demand did Elijah make? Of whom? What number of prophets did he call for? Where was the meeting held? What plain question did Elijah ask of the people? Why? With what result? How many prophets of Jehovah were present? How many of Baal's? State nine conditions of the challenge of Elijah. Why were so many particulars named? Who approved of the trial?

II. BAAL'S FAILURE. (25.) **Choose you**, as proposed in v. 23; **your gods**, rather "of your god"—that is, Baal (*Speaker's Com.*). (26.) **O Baal, hear us**, or "answer us;" **leaped**, or danced up and down at the altar, as dervishes of the East now do. (This is from the same word as that translated "halt" in v. 21.) (27.) **mocked**, laughs at them; **cry aloud**, "cry with a great voice" (*Hebrew*); **talking**, or "meditating," thinking, pursuing, or has a pursuit, as if to overtake a thing. (28.) **after their manner**, cutting and gashing themselves as Baal-worshippers did and do now (see picture); **knives**, properly, short swords; **lancets**, short spears. (29.) **prophesied**, as also prophets 1 Sam. xviii. 10; **time of . . . sacrifice**, noon-tide toward the time (*Speaker's Com.*). This was about 3 p.m. according to *Josephus*; **neither voice . . . answer**, nor, Baal failed not only to send fire, but even to give any answer whatever.

11. Questions.—Who were to make the trial first? Why? What special condition is repeated in v. 23 last clause? Why? What prayers did the Baal worshippers offer? To whom? When no answer came how did they act? v. 26. How did Elijah urge them on at noon? What did he say might be the reason their god gave no answer? *Why* did he mock them in this way? What horrible acts followed? How long were they calling for an answer? What is said of Baal's failure to answer? Why did he fail to hear?

What may we learn from this lesson

(1) As to the danger of trying to follow the world and God?

(2) As to the power of heathen gods?

(3) As to the cruelty of Baal's worship?

Illustrations.—*Howling Dervishes.* Sitting in a circle on the floor, they begin by chanting, and pronouncing slowly three each of the sixty-nine names they have given to the deity, bowing each time, more and more, and ending with a shout of "Hoo!" springing to their feet, holding each other's hands and dancing and howling in the most frantic manner throwing off their outer garments, cape or turban, beating cymbals, their eyes growing more fiery, and they drop, exhausted, as if dead. See Van Lennep's *Bible Lands.*

MUSLIM WORSHIPPER CUTTING HIMSELF LIKE THE BAAL PRIESTS

CHOOSE WHOM YE WILL SERVE

SACRED SONG.

It is remarkable that notwithstanding that David was a great warrior, the conqueror of the bear and lion in his youth, of Goliath when older, the Lord's enemies in middle age and old age, he is named now not after these things but the "sweet singer of Israel." In English history there are two kings who are the centre point of boyish curiosity and admiration, Alfred the Great, who sang in the camp of his enemies, and Richard the Lion-Hearted, answering from inside his prison walls the strains of his own made song outside by his gallant friend and knight.

Singing has always had a chief place in popular movements, and the *Marseillaise* and other revolutionary ballads prove that its power has not died out as the world has grown older. During the wonderful religious movement in Britain and America the last two years, the singing of Sankey has been hardly second in its effect to Moody's preaching. The sacred songs sung on these occasions were generally called Sankey's songs; but very few of them were written by him, the author of most being the late Mr. P. P. Bliss, who was amongst the killed at the railway accident at Ashtabula. The New York *Witness*, writing of him a few days before his death, said:

"The power of originating taking melodies is a very rare one, even among accomplished musicians. Musical thought is a curious thing. Pleasing ideas in that realm cannot be evolved mechanically, or by any technical trick of art. They come like a flash of inspiration to the favored few who have the special gift. Mr. Bliss is one of these fortunate individuals. And the fertility of his muse is wonderful, surpassing that of most of his contemporaries. It is evident beyond question that he has been raised by God and endowed with his peculiar genius for just the work he is now so usefully engaged in.

"Although the words of most of his hymns are furnished him by other hands, those of some of the most popular are his own. He excels also as a singer. With a rich, powerful, well-cultivated voice, he interprets his own music often as no other could. In company with Major Whittle, he has visited nearly all the prominent cities of the West and South in the course of evangelistic tours. He is regarded as second only to Mr. Sankey as a popular singer of sacred songs."

The whole world from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand has caught up the refrain of his melodies which, however little their artistic merit, have certainly, in common with the nursery tales and nursery rhymes of former ages, the power to catch the ear of all mankind, and more than these to set all mankind a singing in the name of the Lord. While his stirring songs "Hold the Fort," "Only an Armor Bearer," and many others are sung in the Sunday-school or the family circle, Mr. Bliss will be remembered as one of those whose life has not been spent in vain, but will continue to exert its influence for good long after his death.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

The Dominion Calendar, one of which should be enclosed in each copy of this issue of the Messenger, is quite a curiosity in its way, and already has been the subject of much interest and enquiry. To the present, as far as we are aware, no type has been made as small as the print on the first page of the calendar, which represents one page of the Weekly Witness reduced less than one-twelfth its usual size. This is done by photo-lithography; this page with the others being first photographed, and thus reduced to the size required, then transferred to stone, and the sheet printed therefrom. Amongst the contents to which we would direct attention is the "Post-office Regulations" on the six h page, and on the same page a list of the International series of Sunday-school lessons for the year, with much information which may prove of value. The portraits of notable men may cause it to fill a space in some photographic albums. We do not press the matter upon the attention of our subscribers, but if they unanimously petition for the Messenger to be printed in this style, we will gladly do it, and send them a pair of spectacles all around.

Our young folks when showing this supplement to their friends may speak a good word for the Messenger, Dominion Monthly, and Witness, and thus perhaps aid in increasing their circulation and usefulness.

EVERY ONE BRING ANOTHER.

This was the motto of the Messenger's friends the last two years, but this year it appears to have been dropped. We do not complain; our readers have done nobly in raising the Messenger's circulation from 15,000 to 50,000 copies in two years. We did hope that it would have greatly increased this year, but perhaps this is the lull before the storm, or the breathing time for renewed action. We will see, and have not yet given up hope of a considerable increase.

THE PRIZES.

Our prize competition may have closed by the time this paper reaches the hands of its subscribers, but not the competition for the skates, which will be open still for a month or more. The skate competition has been up to our expectation, and we have already had the pleasure of sending by express and mail several hundred pairs to our friends and workers. But we have to say that so far the Messenger has not shown any increase in circulation this year, but a very slight decrease. This is attributable to hard times and to the failure of Sunday-schools to renew their subscriptions in time. We still hope that before the season is over its circulation will be several thousand greater than that for last year. Let all our young friends remember that a first-class pair of Eureka Club skates may be obtained by sending in $10 in new subscriptions to the Witness, New Dominion Monthly and Northern Messenger.

We are informed that many Sunday-schools are reducing their subscriptions to Sunday-school papers. Perhaps this is wise in some instances where more papers were taken than there is any need of, but the number of such cases is a very, very small one. Generally the stopping of the Sunday-school paper is throwing away one of the very best weapons for useful work. Children who read papers of any kind are more easily taught than others. Moreover when the paper which is the centre of the intellectual life of the family comes from the Sunday-school all the interest surrounds it is associated with that institution. The Sunday-school, by means of a paper not only teaches the children for an hour on Sunday, but teaches the family for many hours in the week, making the children the evangelists to take into the family not only stores of useful knowledge, but that saving truth which may make older persons wise unto salvation.

Regular Delivery.—Subscribers would do us a great service by promptly bringing to our notice any unnecessary delay in the delivery of their papers or the non-receipt of any numbers, so that the cause of irregularity may be traced out and remedied.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Epps' Cocoa.—*Grateful and Comforting.*—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled thus:—James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle street, and 170, Piccadilly, London, England.

SEE THE EUREKA CLUB SKATE.

It is put on and taken off the foot in a moment by a *simple turn* of the round nut shown in above drawing. The clamps at both heel and toe are fastened by the one simple movement, and so perfect is the plan, that the fastenings adjust themselves to any size or shaped boot. There is no need of boys and girls having cold fingers, cramped feet, or loose skates, so long as they can get a pair of "Eureka Club Skates," which may be had by sending $10 in new subscriptions for the Witness publications to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

Samples and List sent on application.

A FEW LETTERS.

Port de Bute, Jan. 5th, 1877.

Many thanks for the skates which I received. The skates are all right. They are an excellent pair, and fit nicely. Others who have seen them think they are a splendid pair, and are trying for them too.
I remain yours, &c., J. S.

Burnett's Rapids, Jan. 8th, 1877.

I received the skates yousent me all right, and am very much pleased with them. They fit me well. They are the first of the kind in this section but I think you will have a chance to send two pair more soon as there are two other boys working for them. My father thinks the Witness is the best family paper in Canada. Accept my thanks for the skates. V. S. W.

Chelsea, Jan 5th, 1877.

I received the skates on Wednesday, the 3rd instant, and I am very much obliged to you for them, as I think they are a first rate pair, and every one who has seen them is the same. Yours truly, W. S.

London, Jan. 8th, 1877.

Yours of 2nd came duly to hand as also did the skates I was surprised when I opened the box to find such a nice pair of skates. They are the best ones I ever saw. I think it was well worth my time to get subscriptions for your valuable papers. Several boys asked me where I got my skates and I told them. They then said they would go to work, Yours truly, J. G. W.

Port Hood, C.B., N.S., Jan. 4th, 1877.

I have your Eureka Skates by last mail, and they are a splendid fit. I take the shine off all the rest of the boys in Port Hood. I wish the skating was good. I would skate up and see your place. Enclosed find 20c for your Vennor's Almanac for 1877. J. S.

The publications, subscription for which count in the Skate competition, are as follows:

Daily Witness, price per year, including postage,		$3 00
Tri-Weekly Witness,	do.,	2.00
Weekly Witness,	do.,	1.10
New Dominion Monthly,	do.,	1.50
Northern Messenger,	do.,	30c.
L'Aurore,	do.,	$1.00

L'AURORE, THE ONLY PROTESTANT FRENCH PAPER IN AMERICA.

It is conducted with the usual vigor, and on the same principles as the Witness publications. Those desiring to perfect their knowledge of French, might be greatly assisted by reading this paper regularly.

Issued Weekly. Price, post paid, $1 a year.

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VENNOR'S ALMANAC.

This Almanac contains Mr. Vennor's Weather Predictions for 1877, as well as much information on how to foretell weather, and on other subjects. Already 30,000 copies of this Almanac have been sold, and orders are coming in as fast as they can be supplied. Price 20c.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
Montreal.

DR. S. JACOBS, on Aphonia, or Loss of Voice.

Orange st., St. John N.B., 1869.

Mr. Fellows:—

Sir,—I am bound to award the palm of merit to the preparation of Hypophosphites discovered by you. I had occasion to use it myself in a case of Aphonia, which would not yield to regular treatment, and am happy to say it proved to be all that you claimed for it, having acted with expedition and entire satisfaction.

I feel called upon to publish the fact that the profession may avail themselves of a remedy in your "Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites."

Yours very truly
wo S. JACOBS, M. D.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ENLARGED,
IMPROVED.
ILLUSTRATED.

THE FAVORITE MAGAZINE.

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is rapidly becoming one of the most popular magazines. During the Months of March, April and May, the receipts for subscriptions were

FIFTY-FIVE PER CENT.

more than for the corresponding quarter of last year. This advance is an evidence of the renewed interest which is being taken in this Journal. Its departments are as follows:—

MISCELLANEOUS.

Comprising original articles on topics of general interest by competent writers, and includes short and serial tales, which can, without injury, be placed in the hands of every one.

YOUNG FOLKS

is a department whose interest is not confined to the young. "Robinson Crusoe," the most popular book for juvenile readers finds as many admirers among the old as young, and the "Young Folks" of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY are many of them gray-haired grandfathers or grandmothers, fathers and mothers. This department is conducted on the principle that truthful lessons, simply stated, are of universal benefit, and that their simplicity makes them more useful.

THE HOME

is a department that all can take an interest in. Mamma finds in it the newest recipes for everything, from a pancake to a Christmas pudding. She will also find hints for dressing, health hints, and an innumerable variety of *etceteras*. The father can find in it discussions on educational and kindred topics. The daughters, hints how the home may be made beautiful and comfortable, and all the general laws by following which, home is preserved the "happiest spot on earth."

LITERARY NOTICES of the most wholesome new books are given, with copious selections, and besides there are

ILLUSTRATIONS, comprising portraits of eminent men, and pictures which instruct, and pictures which amuse. The

CHESS PAGE will contain simple games and problems. It will not be conducted on the principles of the high art of chess, but as an aid to amateurs. The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY contains

NINETY-SIX PAGES

Each month, making in all eleven hundred and fifty-two pages a year and is sent postage free for one year to any address in Canada or the United States *for* $1.50. Single copies sent, post free, for fifteen cents.

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Given to competent agents, male or female, who may do well by canvassing for this magazine.

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DRESS AND HEALTH.

The Second Edition of Three Thousand copies of Dress and Health is now ready.

There has been added to the matter in the first edition an introductory chapter, by Dr. Barnes, making the book of greater value than ever before. Copies will be forwarded to any address in Canada or the United States on *receipt of 25c* with name and address of sender.

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25 copies	6.00
50 copies	11.50
100 copies	22.00
1,000 copies	200.00

J. DOUGALL & SON,
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